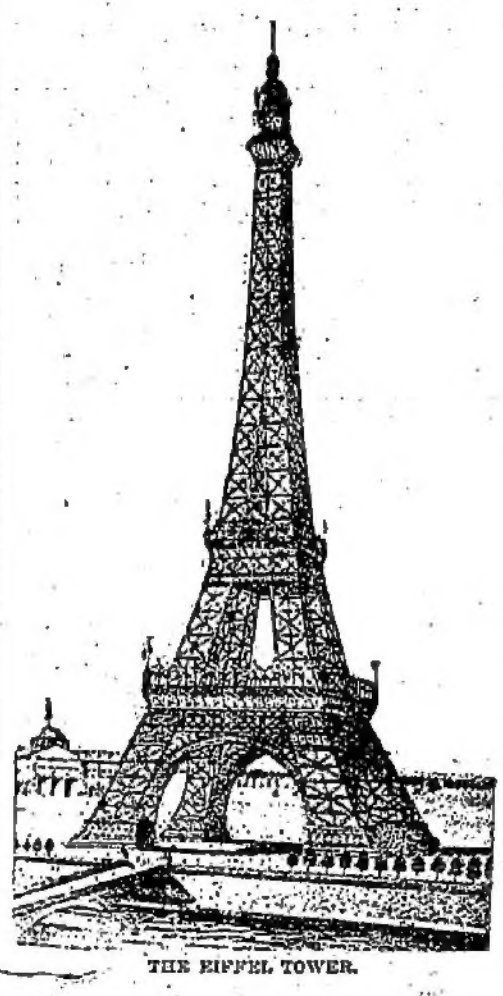
DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 7. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

THE HIGHEST MONUMENTS IN THE WORLD.



THE EIFFEL TOWER.

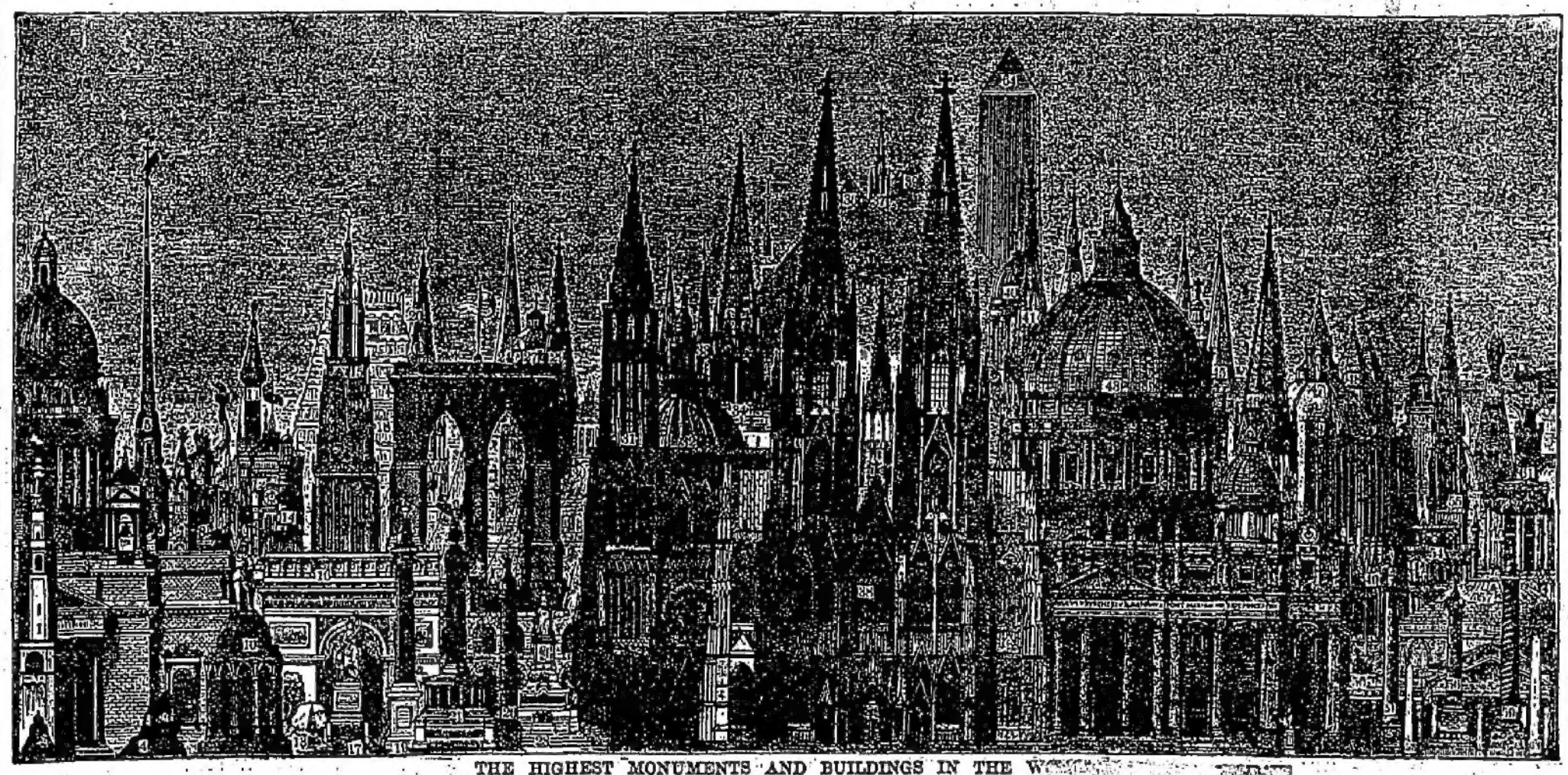
"Every country," says a writer, "with the sole exception of ancient Hellas, has loved to boast of having something bigger than its neighbors. In fact, the erection of a large edifice proves the possession by its builders of large material resources, large supplies of skilled labor—the results of years of peace and orderly government—great perseverence, pride in the past, and confidence in the future. The large work is the outcome of the wide organization. The exception of Greece tends to prove the rule; for she, in her days of glory, was a warring crowd of petty states, without national aims or impulses. The oldest and until very recently the largest of the world's monuments, the Pyramid of Cheops (No. 39), covers thirteen acres of ground, measured originally 480 feet in height, and contained 89,000,000 cubic feet of stone. No wonder the traveller "feels giddy" in thinking of the ages of order and science that must have preceded the erection of such an artificial mountain. The pyramidal form has not been much repeated by modern nations; they have preferred to attain height at less cost, and with more grace, by the dome or the spire. The highest dome in the world is that of St. Peter's, at Rome, (No. 43), which its architect described as the Pantheon of Agrippa (No. 57) raised in the air. The dome of St. Paul's, London (No. 32), 360 feet from the floor line to the cross, was for a long time the second in altitude, but is now overtopped by St. Isaac's in St. Petersburg (No. 3), the most costly architectural failure in the world. But the dome never became thoroughly naturalized north of the Alps, and the great churches of Germany, France, and England preferred to raise heavenward the lighter and airier spire." Mention must not be forgotten also of the great Forth bridge, the towers of which, our readers will remember, rise three hundred feet above the water.

The Washington monument only for a brief day held the honor of being the highest structure ever reared by man, for it is already eclipsed by the gigantic Eiffel Tower now being built for the great Paris Exposition, which already reaches the height of nearly eight hundred feet and will be one thousand when completed.

The heights of these sixty-five structures are as follows:—

1. Tower of Ivan Veliki, Moscow, 269 feet. 2. "King of Bells," Moscow, 18 feet. 3. St. Isaac's Cathedral, St. Petersburg, 419 feet. 4. Statue of Peter the Great, St. Petersburg, 46 feet. 5. Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. Petersburg, 454 feet. 6. Spire of the Admiralty, St. Petersburg, 202 feet. 7. Sucharew Tower, Moscow, 224 feet. 8. Britannia Bridge, Bangor, 207 feet. 9. Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, New York, 282 feet. 10. Hermann Monument, Detmold, 184 feet. 11. The Duomo, Milan, 358 feet. 12. The Rathhaus, Berlin, 290 feet. 13. Sphinx of Ghizeh, 41 feet. 14. Kutab-Minar, Delhi, 245 feet. 15. Antwerp Cathedral, 403 feet. 16. Arc de Triomphe, Paris, 156 feet. 17. Statue of Bavaria, Munich, 100 feet. 18. Pagoda of Dschaggernath 192 feet. 19. The Fire Column, London, 194 feet. 20. Chartres Cathedral, 377 feet. 21. Column of Victory, Berlin, 200 feet. 22. East River Bridge, New York, 295 feet. 23. Aqueduct of Segovia, 108 feet. 24. St. Peters' Church, Rostock, 413 feet. 25. Aqueduct, Alcantara, 226 feet. 26. Trajan's Pillar, Rome, 150 feet. 27. St. Elizabeth's Church, Breslau, 355 feet. 28. Germania Monument at the Niederwald, 130 feet. 29. Salisbury Cathedral, 400 feet. 30. Rotunda of the Vienna Exposition, 289 feet. 31. Strasburg Cathedral, 468 feet. 32. St. Paul's Cathedral London, 360 feet. 33. Lubeck Cathedral, 395 feet. 34. St. Nicholas's Church, Hamburg, 473 feet. 35. Amiens Cathedral, 449 feet. 36. Pyramid of Chefren, 437 feet. 37. Rouen Cathedral, 489 feet. 38. Cologne Cathedral, 510 feet. 39. Pyramid of Cheops, 450 feet. 40. St. Michael's Church, Hamburg, 448 feet. 41. Cathedral of St. Stephen, Vienna, 449 feet. 42. St. Martin's Church, Landshut, 435 feet. 43. St. Peter's Church, Rome, 348 feet. 44. Giralda Tower, Seville Cathedral, 365 feet. 45. Marien Kirche, Lubeck, 408 feet. 46. Freiburg Cathedral, 410 feet. 47. Cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore, Florence, 335 feet. 48. Magdeburg Cathedral, 348 feet. 49. Ulm Minister, 270 feet. 50. Brandenburg Gate, Berlin, 85 feet. 51. Alexander Column, St. Petersburg, 165 feet. 52. Dome of the Hotel des Invalides, Paris, 344 feet. 53. Obelisk of Luxor, Paris, 74 feet. 54. Leaning Tower of Pisa, 187 feet. 55. Hotel de Ville, Brussels, 354 feet. 56. July Column, Paris, 144 feet. 57. Pantheon, Rome, Diameter of the Rotunda, 234 feet. 58. Colossal Statue of Hercules, Cassel, 324 feet. 59. Vendome Column, Paris, 164 feet. 60. Church of Notre Dame, Paris, 211 feet. 61. Leaning Tower of Garisenda, Bologna, 272 feet. 62. Goltzschthal Viaduct, Saxony, 286 feet. 63. Obelisk, Lateran, Piazza, Rome, 95 feet. 64. Washington Monument, 525 feet.

Dr. Howe, of Boston, states that of 300 idiots under his care 145 had drunken parents. In one instance where both parents were drunkards seven children were idiots.



THE HIGHEST MONUMENTS AND BUILDINGS IN THE W

MY FRIEND.

Unseen beside me, day by day,
Walketh a friend—my guide, my stay!
On him I lean, to him I pray,
Telling the trials of the way.
He hears the faintest word I speak,
He is so strong, I am so weak!

His love makes every burden light;
His presence all my pathway bright.
What terrors can a soul affright
That trusts the strength of his dear might
How can I yield to doubt and fear,
Or anxious thought, while he is near?

His voice I hear, so soft and low,
Showing the way I am to go;
I do not even ask to know
The reason why—I love him so!
He is my rest, my joy, my song!
To him my life my soul belong.

—*Congregationalist.*

ON BOTH SIDES.

A TRUE STORY.

About five years ago one of the teachers in a girls' school in Pennsylvania had an idea. This, in itself, was nothing unusual, for Miss Lane very frequently had ideas, and, what is better still, they were almost always good ones. So, when it was announced one morning that all those who thought they would like to do something for other girls of about their own age were invited to meet Miss Lane in the Latin room at five o'clock, there were comparatively few who did not plan to be there.

Five o'clock came, and with it the girls and their teacher. When all had settled themselves comfortably, Miss Lane told about a school in India in which she had become very much interested, and suggested that they should undertake the education of some girl there. After a little talk about ways and means, and the probable cost of the girl's support, it was decided to organize a little missionary society then and there, having three officers, President, Secretary and Treasurer. The Secretary, Josie Benton, was told to write at once to the school in India, telling what the Society proposed to do, and asking for the name of the girl who was to receive its help.

About two weeks later one of the teachers in the Calcutta school went to her class with a heavy heart. She had just heard from the father of one of the best scholars, whose English name was Lizzie, that he could not afford to keep her in the school after the close of the term. There were only three weeks more, and then Lizzie must go. Miss Powell could see no way of arranging matters so that she could stay.

Two weeks had passed, during which it seemed as if Lizzie had done better than ever before, and the teachers felt that it would be a great trial to have her leave, for her home life would be a hard one, and she was preparing to be a teacher; yet they saw no way out of the difficulty. They had gathered together one evening to see if something could not possibly be done in the few days which were left, when they were interrupted by the arrival of the foreign mail. The first letter which Miss Farwell, the head of the school, took up was the one from Josie Benton. She read it through once, twice, three times, then passed it on to the others, saying, with a smile, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." There was no question as to whose name should be sent to the girls in Pennsylvania.

Last year Miss Farwell came home for a rest, but after she had spent a few weeks with her family in New York, she took the cars and went to make a little visit to the school in Pennsylvania. Of course there were very few of the original members of the Society there then; in fact, there were only two, one of whom was the President of the Mission Circle.

While she was there, Miss Farwell gave a very interesting little talk about India in general, and about the work of her school in particular, telling the girls the very story I have told you. Then, as she was about to close, she added, looking at the earnest faces of some of those before her, "And, though what you have accomplished in India may be more evident, yet I think no one will question my right to say that you have at the same time been unconsciously strengthening your own characters, so doing good on both sides of the water at once." And no one did.—*Elizabeth M. Clark, in Christian Intelligencer.*

INFANT CLASS WORK.

We do not like to say much of the machinery of the Primary class, and yet there must be a little, and that little must run smoothly.

A very important part of this machinery is the roll-keeping.

I have found it very necessary to know the children's names, ages, places of residence. We may teach these little ones for a whole year, look down into their faces for fifty-two Sundays, but, unless we know that the boy with so many brass buttons is Tommy Taft, and the girl with the scar on her cheek is Dora Dunn, these children are not ours.

I don't believe in calling a roll—do you? Why I've talked myself hoarse over fifty or sixty names each Sunday, never feeling quite sure each one had answered to his own name even then, and wasting more valuable time than I like to think of now.

I found it was better to come early to the schoolroom, as early as the earliest, sit near the door with roll-book in hand, in which the children's names are written alphabetically, with ages and residences.

The children soon learn to come early too, and generally in squads of threes or fours. It is so easy, then, to mark them; to assure yourself that all the little Smiths really are brothers and sisters, and that all the little Joneses are not related, but two of them live two miles from the other two. A glance at last week's mark reminds you that Tommy Taft was absent—was it sickness or pleasure that kept him away? How easy to slip a card or picture into the hand of a sad, neglected-looking child, or smile in response to some loving look from one of these little ones. Why, I've often gained such an inspiration in this breathing-time before the real work begins, that the real work seemed to do itself, and the hour became fairly radiant with delight!

Isn't it well to dispose of the pennies as early in the service as possible? And yet, I think it is possible to let them do a little work before they are dropped out of sight. As the money the children earn is worth so much more to them, in the giving of it, than the money they merely receive, I have found it a good plan to make a little distinction in the two kinds of pennies brought, as well as to have a little talk about the ways in which "we" earned our pennies. That point gained, the easiest way to collect them is the best—with a song, one day; marching past the box, another; the best boy and girl as collectors for a third time, perhaps, for variety helps here as well as elsewhere.

Of course we would sing one or two songs, and, provided I could sing myself, or my assistant could sing with spirit, I wouldn't worry at all if I had no organ. Teach the children without an organ, and my experience is that they will sing more independently than with one. However, you may think differently.

I have found it desirable to have always a psalm in process of learning, which the children may repeat in concert at this opening hour, teaching them a new verse later on, after the lesson, perhaps, which they will add to the whole on the next Sunday.

I would read a very few verses from the Bible which they could understand easily, being sure they understood who wrote the Book, and for whom, then I would lead them in a simple prayer, they repeating each sentence after me, closing with "Our Father."

About the lesson there is so much to say that I hardly know where to begin.

As we often need to use the Golden Text very early in the lesson, and the class, generally, will not have learned it before coming, it is well, I think, to have the children commit it as soon as possible.

I know no better rule for the teaching of the lesson than the old one: "Proceed from the known to the unknown." Find some point of connection between their previous knowledge and the lesson—a flower, a picture, a story. Anything about which they already know forms the best introduction to the unknown truth you wish to teach them. After that, if she has carefully, prayerfully studied her lesson, each teacher must be a law unto herself in the manner of teaching it. I heard a young girl say once to a friend of long experience in Sunday-school work; "I've attended every primary class within reach, in this city or others, and I have never found my ideal yet." "Work out your ideal here, my child!" That's what each of us must do, with all the helps we can get, work out our own ideal, and see that our ideal grows as we seem to reach it.

One thing, I think, we must make sure of—that our little ones are fed; that one truth, which they can live out during the week, is taught them. And when the next Sunday comes, watch for the result. Remind them of what they promised to strive to do, and give them one more lesson of love to learn and to live.

You know how incomplete is the preaching service without the closing prayer. Just as incomplete is the lesson without the closed eyes, the folded hands, the few earnest words, repeated by scholars after the teacher, that our Father will help us to remember and keep these commandments until we meet again.

But there are always a few older ones in the class who can read quite well, perhaps, yet are not prepared to be sent to the main schoolroom.

Have you tried to encourage them in Bible reading, detaining them for a few minutes after the rest, first to get their promise to read at least five or ten verses each day, and then to hear how they progress? If they all begin together, in Matthew, perhaps, the interest is greater, and the promise of a Testament of their own to all who keep on to the year's end, will stimulate the "Ready to Halts" among them.—*Golden Rule.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON III.—APRIL 21.

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.—Mark 12: 28-31.

COMMIT VERSES 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13: 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

And now abideth Faith, Hope, Love; but the greatest of these is love.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 12: 13-27.
T. Mark 12: 28-34.
W. Matt. 22: 34-40.
Th. 1 John 5: 1-21.
F. 1 Cor. 12: 1-13.
Sa. 1 John 3: 10-18.
Su. Luke 10: 25-37.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

28. *One of the scribes:* those who wrote out the Scriptures and were learned in them. *Which is the first commandment?* first in importance and binding force. This question was a constant bone of contention among the scribes. 29. *Hear, O Israel,* etc.: from Deut. 6: 4-9. 30. *All thy heart:* affections and will. *Soul:* the seat of the desires, disposition, character. *The mind:* reflective and reasoning powers. These include the whole being. *All thy strength:* the full and entire devotion of all these powers. 31. *Thy neighbor:* any one whom you can help. *As thyself:* not as one does, but as one ought, to love himself. *None.....greater:* they include all others. 33. *More than....burnt offerings:* love is the highest act of which we are capable. 34. *Not far from the kingdom:* he only needed repentance and faith to be within.

SUBJECT: LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN.

QUESTIONS.

I. LOVE TO GOD (vs. 28-30).—Who next came to Jesus with a difficult question? Who were the scribes? What did one of them ask Jesus? Repeat Jesus' reply. Where did Jesus find this written? (Deut. 6: 4, 5.) Did it show Jesus' wisdom that he took his answer from their own Scriptures? Is there only one God? What reasons have you for thinking so? Why is he called our God?

What is our first duty to God? How much should we love him? What reasons can you give why we should love him so much? What is the Golden Text? How does love fulfil the law? Show how love to God will lead us to keep the first commandment? The Second. The third. The fourth.

II. LOVE TO MAN (vs. 31).—What is the second great command? Who is our neighbor? (Luke 10: 25-37.) How much should we love our neighbor? What description of love do you find in 1 Cor. 13? Why is love so important? How does it lead us to keep the fifth commandment? The sixth? The seventh? The eight? The ninth? The tenth? What is the Golden Rule?

III. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM (vs. 32-34).—What did the scribe say to Jesus' reply? Why is love better and more acceptable to God than forms of sacrifices? (1 Cor. 13: 1, 2.) What did Jesus say to the scribe? Why was the scribe really not far from the kingdom of God? Of what other persons are we told almost the same? (Mark 10: 17-22; Acts 26: 28.) When may we be said to be near the kingdom of heaven? Is it safe to remain there? What should we do?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. When one does anything well, it brings more of the same kind to do.

II. He is one God, and only one, and we should take him to be our God.

III. He that loves God supremely will keep his commandments.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 28.

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD.—Mark 13: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSE 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But I say unto you, that in this place is one greater than the temple.—Matt. 12: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ's coming is the overthow of those who hate him, but the joy of those who love him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 12: 34-44.
T. Mark 13: 1-23.
W. Matt. 23: 1-39.
Th. Matt. 24: 1-22.
F. Luke 21: 1-22.
Sa. Ps. 91: 1-16.
Su. Acts 3: 14-21.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *What stones!* some of them were 43 feet long, 14 high, and 21 broad. *What buildings!* Herod's temple was a building of great magnificence, covering, with outbuildings, 19 acres. It was of white marble, with golden roofs and pinnacles. 2. *Not one stone upon another:* fulfilled to the letter in A.D. 70, when the Romans, under Titus, destroyed Jerusalem. 4. *What shall be the sign,* etc.: Matthew (24: 3) gives this question more fully, as applied to his coming, and the end of the world.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.—This was one coming, including the whole Christian dispensation, but it was threefold. (1) At the destruction of Jerusalem, when the old dispensation of Judaism ended, and Christianity was firmly established. The coming was promised to take place during the lifetime of some of the disciples (Mark 9: 1; Matt. 16: 27, 28; Luke 9: 26, 27.) This was a real personal coming. (2) There will be a similar, more complete coming when the world shall be converted to Jesus, and his kingdom come. This, too, is a real personal coming to which all the "signs" given in this lesson apply. (3) A coming at the day of judgment (Matt. 25; 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.)

6. *Many in my name:* great numbers in the next 40 years pretended to be the Messiah. 8. *Nation against nation:* Palestine soon after this was full of wars, and the Roman empire was full of disturbances. *Earthquakes* there were several in the reigns of Claudius and Nero, A. D. 40-68; five of great severity. *Famines:* there were four under Claudius. (See Acts. 11: 28.) 9. *For a testimony,* not against, but unto, them. By these the gospel would be made known. 10. *Gospel....among all nations:* this was true before the destruction of Jerusalem. (See Rom. 1: 8, written A.D. 58; Col. 1: 6, 23, written A.D. 62.) 13. *Saved:* every Christian, heeding Christ's warning, escaped from Jerusalem, and not one was among the 1,100,000 who perished there.

SUBJECT: THE COMING AGAIN OF OUR LORD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE PROPHECY (vs. 1, 2.)—To what did the disciples call Jesus' attention as they left the temple? What can you tell about the appearance of Jerusalem and the temple at this time? What about the stones referred to? What did Jesus foretell about them? When and how was it fulfilled?

II. SIGNS OF JESUS' COMING (vs. 3-10.)—Where did Jesus go next? Who asked him some questions? What were they? How are they given in Matt. 24: 3? What is meant by Christ's coming again? When did he say this coming should take place? (Mark 9: 1; Matt. 16: 27, 28; 1 Thess. 4: 15-17.)

What was the first sign? (v.6.) What was the second? (vs. 7, 8.) What was the third? (v. 8, middle clause.) What was the fourth sign? (v. 9.) Did all these things take place before the destruction of Jerusalem? What was the fifth sign? (v. 10.) Was the Gospel preached in all the world before Jerusalem was destroyed? (Rom. 1: 8; Col. 1: 6, 23.) What do we mean when we pray "Thy kingdom come"? Are all the above signs appearing now? Should we look forward with joy to Christ's coming in his kingdom?

III. DUTIES IN VIEW OF THE COMING (vs. 5, 10-13.) What is the first duty? How can we avoid being deceived? What is the second duty? (v. 9, f. c.) What is the third duty? (v. 10.) What is the fourth duty? Where is this promise repeated? (John 16: 13.) Does this forbid all forethought, or only anxiety? What should they *give their mind to?* (v. 16.) What trouble would arise in families? (v. 12.) Why? What is the fifth duty? (v. 13.) What became of the Christians at the destruction of Jerusalem? See Helps, (v. 13.) Will all be saved at last who endure to the end? What helps have we to enable us to hold on?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Spiritual things endure, temporal ones perish.

II. All that Jesus promises or threatens will be accomplished.

III. Take great care not to be deceived.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. **Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.**
4. **Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.**
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-51.
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A MOTHER'S DUTY.

HOPE LEDYARD.

"How can you write on that subject?" says a friend. "How do you know what class of mothers to address? One mother's duty is to take in washing to support her children; another must do all her own work; another has to write articles or deliver lectures, while a few, comparatively, can just be mothers and fill their time with actual caring and doing for their children."

Now that sounds true and also discouraging so far as my article goes, yet it is only a half truth, and half truths are often quite as dangerous as untruths. The washing, or housework, or lecturing, or writing is the mother's work, but the mother's duties lie back of, beyond, above all that, and are fulfilled, I truly believe, far more faithfully, as a rule, by the busy mothers than by those who have plenty of leisure. What are these duties which all mothers share in common? First and above all, a mother is to teach her child to feel God's touch, to know his voice, to obey his law. This duty should be understood to be laid upon us before the birth of our children. In cultivating her spiritual nature a woman who is promised motherhood gives her child quick spiritual instincts; can she give it a richer endowment? Faith is easy to such a child; doubts find no lodging in his soul.

It is the mother's duty to teach the child that she, too, is "under authority," that her "must" is an arbitrary one, but she has heard it first spoken to her. How many naggings and fault-findings a clear understanding of this duty would repress! Yet how much more clearly we should see the importance of little things! "Stop, Johnny, don't touch that book," says the thoughtless mother who has never studied her duty toward her child. Johnny keeps on teasing, and by-and-by "for peace's sake" gets the book. The thoughtful mother is tempted to say "don't," but remembering that once said it must be enforced, she proposes some other amusement, or sends master Johnny upstairs or round the corner on some errand, and puts the book out of sight. "I teach my children to obey," said a mother, as she boxed the little fellow's ears for climbing on a parlor chair to see a procession. "I've forbidden him to get on these chairs." Ten minutes later in another home a little man was carefully covering a chair with a newspaper. "Willie hears music and wants to look out of the window; he has seen me prepare a chair so often for him, that now he never forgets to do it himself." Now this was not a case of different temperaments; the second mother was naturally of the slapping kind, but she realized her duty, and looking to God she did it. "There are plenty of opportunities to insist on obedience," she said, "and I always try to think, first, ought Willie to do this or that, or is it merely my will that desires it?"

A mother who clearly understands this duty will not "pick up" after her boy, but even though it angers him at the time, insists that he should keep his things in their places. "I must not, for peace' sake, let my boy grow up selfish. This is his work, and I must not do it, though it be far easier to do it than to insist on his doing it." Such a mother will not tell her boy that smoking is a sin, that theatre-going leads to hell, etc., but will make him feel that she must judge as to what is best for him while he is under her authority; will patiently and carefully show him a better way; will encourage any good, healthful taste he may have, and trust that with maturer years will come a right judgment in all things, remembering that her judgment is not infallible.

It is a mother's duty to give her child a healthy mind in a healthy body. This duty, too, lays a burden upon the mother before she sees her child. It will forbid her overexerting herself during the time of pregnancy; will put far from her all exciting or onervating reading; will make her study what food will form the best bone and muscle; will make the study of some simple physiology a duty and delight to her. Then, the child being given her, she will make its health all-important. What if she does miss many a delightful entertainment, fail to hear this or that public speaker?

If the choice lies between dragging her baby with her, or staying at home, knowing her duty she will not hesitate. "Time enough to hear lectures and concerts by and by, if not here, then better ones up higher," said a mother once to me. Having this duty as to a healthful body always in mind, a mother will carefully instil habits of personal cleanliness in her child. At any cost of time, even if less money can be earned because of attention to these things, the child is taught the laws of health, that every part of the body needs constant attention, that no garment worn during the twelve hours should be worn during the succeeding twelve. Modesty will be inculcated and insisted upon, for the wise mother knows that immodest behavior often leads to actions which utterly ruin health. And this leads me to speak of a duty little understood, and often neglected by mothers—the duty of teaching their children about themselves. As children grow up, to some of them there is no study so full of mystery and interest as the study of their physical being. A taste for this study is not, and should not, be considered a depraved taste, it is perfectly right and legitimate, and the mother who understands her duty will meet the child's questions truthfully, remembering that *nothing God has ordered is hideous or unclean unless used in a wicked way.*—*Union Signal.*

ADOPT A GRANDMOTHER.

She who would keep abreast of the times, after she becomes a mother, must first be born well, and with some intellectual pride, and then she must marry well. She should choose a husband who is her superior, intellectually, and free from unselfishness, in a large degree. If books are to be had, and the woman is born right, she will be hungry for them, somehow, just as a person hungry for food will eat it if he can get it. Then, there must be intellectual companionship, but like draws like, and she will be sure to find it sooner or later.

The really necessary work is not so very driving, and sometimes a woman must learn, for a time, to put up with a certain amount of dirt. It is better to do so than not to take necessary rest, and when one rests one can also read.

The little ones grow up very soon, and if rightly trained, will begin to help very young, and she will have rest and leisure and a desire to keep up to the mark, that never comes to childless women. One should study to simplify labor, and not be afraid of the criticism of neighbors. High thinking and plain living nearly always go together.

Every house ought to have a 'grandmother, and if you have none of your own, you might adopt one. The right kind of a grandmother—and they are nearly all of the right kind—will relieve the mother of the care of children more than two nurse girls could, and both children and grandmother will thrive and be happy together. To me it is a sad sight to see little children intrusted to young, thoughtless girls, when there are so many unemployed grandmothers.—*Housekeeper.*

SUNDAY DINNERS.

Most women are interested in this subject. You often hear ladies say: "I'm not going to stay at home from church to cook a hot dinner, and my girl is not willing to get dinner on Sunday, so we just have a cold dinner." Another says: "We cook all day Saturday, and generally plan to have roast chickens or turkey all ready, so all we have to do is to heat them through. Sometimes we have a beef or veal roast; then we cook it till nearly done on Saturday and finish Sunday." This is easy and preferable to a cold dinner; surely.

Salads can be prepared on a week day, as also cranberry sauce or jelly. If you wish fried oysters and have no help, it is well to drain them through a colander Saturday evening, and lay them on a cloth to dry; then beat two eggs and dip each oyster in the batter, roll them in very fine cracker crumbs (which have been salted), and lay them on a board, ready for the next day. If you wish a good deal of cracker, dip the second time in egg and roll again in the crumbs. Leave them on the board all night, covered, in a cool place, then Sunday they are ready to fry in hot butter. Use large oysters for frying.

Another dish quickly made is scalloped oysters. Prepare them in the morning, when you are doing up your work, and when your oven is hot for dinner, bake three-fourths of an hour. If you wish a nice pudding for dessert, soak three or four tablespoons of pearl tapioca (on Saturday) in cold milk or water one hour; put one quart of milk over the fire in an oatmeal kettle (a double boiler) and when it boils add your tapioca, with one-fourth teaspoon salt, and cook three-fourths of an hour; then add the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, three-fourths cup white sugar, and cook ten minutes longer. When cool, add a teaspoon of vanilla and pour into a nice pudding dish. Whip half a pint of sweet cream and add the four whites beaten stiff; flavor with a half-teaspoon of vanilla and two tablespoons of sugar, and pour over the pudding. Serve cold. This is enough for two dinners, for a family of six.

Another nice dessert is cake with a dish of sliced oranges, with prepared cocoanut and white sugar sprinkled between the layers. Fruit and nuts are always nice for dessert.

See to it that you have a clean tablecloth and fresh napkins for Sunday, and that everything is placed in good order on the table. Don't use dishes that are cracked or nicked; set them in the kitchen cupboard to be used about cooking. If you use white ware it is easily matched; if not, you can replace injured pieces by buying some pretty odd dishes which at the present time are considered in good taste. Make your table just as inviting for your husband and children as you would if you had invited guests to dine with you. Teach the children to say "thank you" to one another as well as to father and mother and others, and not to leave the table without asking to be excused, until all are through.—*Exchange.*

HANGING PICTURES.

In choosing places on walls for different pictures, of course the old rule is not to be forgotten to regard the light and shade in the picture, and put it where the prevailing light from the nearest window will be opposite the depicted shadows. Care is necessary also sometimes to avoid the occurrence of an unpleasant glare from the surface of an oil painting or from glass.

A common error is having the eyelets in the frame too near the middle of the two sides, whereby the surface of the picture when hung tips forward at an ungraceful pitch. Too little inclination is not so bad as too much. Another error is hanging pictures too high. A safe guide, at least in beginning, is to have the centre of the pictures about in line with the eyes of an adult of ordinary size. In adjusting pictures of varying width to an average height above the floor it is the centre, rather than the bottom, of the frames which should be considered.—*Good Housekeeping.*

DRY BREAD.

There is always a question what to do with the amount of dry bread which will accumulate. There is a simple way of preventing this accumulation if strictly followed out, and that is, never to cut a loaf till the last loaf is used up. Still that is really not very practical, for bread left from one meal is not nice for the next one, and if this rule were followed I am afraid it would be the kitchen table which would have the fresh, and the dining-room the stale. The best way is to put to a good use what is inevitably left to dry. Brown the pieces in the oven, and roll them fine; they are better than cracker dust for covering meats. When they are in the oven put a piece of paper in the oven door as a reminder that something is in there which must not be forgotten. Milk toast and French toast are nice supper dishes. For French toast cut the bread a half an inch thick, and dip it, a slice at a time, into a quart of milk in which four eggs and sugar to taste have been added, then fry to a golden brown in hot lard; serve with the following sauce; three pints of water, half a pound of sugar, quarter pound of butter, a tablespoonful of corn starch and a flavor. Boil water and butter and add corn starch which has been previously smoothly mixed, and add the flavor, and just before sending to the table grate in some nutmeg. Dry bread cakes save the flour. Soak two quarts of dry bread for several hours in a quart and pint of milk, then strain it through a colander; to this add two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, salt to taste, and add flour enough simply to bake nicely on a griddle. Loaves of bread or rolls which have been allowed to become dry can be made quite fresh by dipping them in milk and leaving them in a brisk oven till heated through. They must be eaten at once, however, for when cold they will be as stale as ever again. Every one knows that one of the best of puddings, bread pudding, is made with dry bread, and that dry bread is used for scalloping oysters and fish.—*Christian at Work.*

RECIPES.

CUSTARD CAKE FILLING.—Boil one cup of sweet milk to which has been added four tablespoons sugar, two of butter and three of flour. Stir the flour to a smooth paste with a little of the milk, before adding it to the other ingredients. When well boiled, add the beaten whites of two eggs, and lemon extract to taste. It is also nice made with the yolks instead of the eggs.

CAKE FILLING.—Boil one cup of granulated sugar and half a cup of water until it "hairs" when dropped from a spoon. Do not stir it while boiling. Pour it, while hot, on the well beaten white of one egg, beating all together as you pour it on. Let it cool, then add the flavoring. Spread it, thickly, between the layers; and when putting them together do not press them down. It is made extra nice by the addition of hickory-nut meats.

LAUNDRY POLISH for shirts, collars and cuffs, etc., is made in the following manner:—Dissolve on a slow fire one ounce of white wax and two ounces of spermaceti with one large tablespoonful of salt. Turn into a wet cup to cool. Make boiled starch as usual, cooking slowly for twenty minutes, and for every tablespoonful of dry starch used put in a lump of the preparation the size of a cherry. Use no cold starch and do not sprinkle. When the starched pieces are dried, lay them in a wet towel for two hours, and with a rough polishing iron bring out the gloss.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

USE A PENNY to remove paint spots from glass.

DIFFERENT FLAVORS of cake should be kept in separate boxes.

USE A SILVER SPOON in cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present.

IF CREAM SOUPS are to stand any length of time after being prepared, place a damp towel over the dish to prevent a scum from rising.

IF YOU ARE OBLIGED to leave a basket of clothes that have been damped for ironing, longer than usual, put them in a dry place away from artificial heat and they will not mildew or sour for days.

IF THE HANDLES of stove brushes are kept clean from the first, that part of the work will seem no dirtier than any other about the house. It is an excellent plan to use a paint brush for putting on the blacking, also use plenty of fresh newspapers.

PUZZLES—NO. 7.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

I'm in sunshine and in shade,
I'm in hurried and delayed,
I'm in doubted and in seen,
I'm in lacking and in keen,
I'm in garden and in bog,
I'm in ocean and in fog,
I'm in wonder and in world,
I'm in lady and in lord,
I'm in angel and in saint,
I'm in handsome and in quaint,
I'm in binder and in send,
I'm in enemy and friend,
I'm in workshop and in school,
I'm in bookstand and in tool,
I'm in earnest and in jest,
I'm in overcoat and vest,
I'm in river and in mill,
I'm in languid and in ill.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

A BOY'S NAME.

My first is in war but not in battle,
My second is in pigs but not in cattle,
My third is in land but not in sea,
My fourth is in lock but not in key,
My fifth is in timber but not in wood,
My sixth it in can but not in could.
My seventh is in tame but not in wild,
My whole is the name of my father's child.

PERCY PRIOR.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

[Change one letter each move, the substitute retaining the same relation to the other letters in the word, and giving a legitimate word still.—Example: Change Wood to Coal in three moves. Answer.—Wood, Wool, Cool, Coal.]

1. Change White to Black in 8 moves.
2. Change Neat to Prim in 8 moves.
3. Change Hate to Love in 3 moves.
4. Change Saxe to Pope in 5 moves.
5. Change Hand to Foot in 5 moves.
6. Change Blue to Pink in 10 moves.
7. Change Hard to Easy in 5 moves.
8. Change Sin to Woe in 3 moves.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 6.

ENIGMA—Live in peace.—2 Cor. 13. 11.

DIAMOND.—

P
P I E
P I A N O
E N D
O

APRIL ACROSTIC.—April fool.

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

Correct answers have been sent by Mildred Wainwright, Lillie A. Greene, Minotta W. Beaudall.

The Family Circle.

DAUGHTERS.

One stands in robe of white
Beneath the sunshine, in her eyes
A happy, untold secret lies,
Her wellspring of delight.
She holds a posy in her hand
Of roses red, of roses rare,
Love's latest gift to one as fair
As any in the land.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Can bliss like hers endure alway,
Or but a little while?
Will faith cling close through sun and snow,
Will love's rose garland keep its red
From bridal couch to graveyard bed!
Alack! we cannot know!

One stands alone, apart,
She wears the sign of widowhood;
Sharp grief hath drained of all its good
Her hungry, empty heart.
To tend a grave she counteth best;
She turns from us who love her well,
And wears the yellow asphodel,
Death's flower, upon her breast.

We look at her and sigh,
And softly to our hearts we say,
Will grief like hers endure alway,
Or lessen by-and-bye?
Will woe weep on through sun and snow
Or will the asphodel give place
To flowers about a blushing face?
Alack! how should we know?

One sits with thoughtful eyes
Down-dropped on homely work, a smile
Upon the tender mouth the while
Her busy task she plies.
Some blessed thought enchains her mind;
How wide and deep her musings are,
High as the height of topmost star,
And low as human-kind!

She wears upon her breast
A milk white lily: God hath given
To her a foretaste of his heaven,
An earnest of his rest.
She came from out the furnace-flame
Of sorrow, strong to help the weak,
And gifted with good words to speak
In time of grief or shame.

We look at her and smile,
And to our hearts we softly say,
Good like hers endures alway,
Beyond earth's little while;
Beyond earth's round of sun and snow,
Beyond the height of topmost star;
And where her harvest waits afar,
God knoweth, and we know!

—*All The Year Round.*

ONCE ONE IS ONE.

(Concluded.)

If she had only known Mrs. Burleigh's trepidation lest she was not as ready as she should have been! In the morning she thought of the subject again as she spread a napkin over the end of the table and sat down to a slice of toast and a cup of weak tea.

"I'll ask Widow Parkinson to tea this very day," said she. "I declare, I don't know when I've so much as turned up the leaf of this table for a meal's victuals. I'll set the table out and turn up both leaves, just for look's sake. I'm glad now Cousin Jared's wife would put in that little jar of plums when I came home. And I'll make some sugar drop-cakes. I haven't made any for years; not since those I sent to Jimmie with his stockings and mittens when Colonel Knox came home on furlough and offered to carry little parcels back. Jimmie wrote back how good they tasted, and how I must have a lot baked when he came home. But it wasn't so to be; that was the last letter that ever I had. But I'll make some of those identical cakes to-day. I won't get any dinner, and then I'll have that dried beef for supper. I'll shave it up this morning, and then to-night I'll frizzle it, and toss up a few biscuit; and I hope it'll relish."

When the boy came with the bundle from the tailor, she dispatched him with a note to Widow Parkinson, requesting the favor of her company that afternoon. She came early, urged by curiosity as to the reason of so unwonted a proceeding.

"Why, Amandy Jepson!" was her salutation; "has anything happened ye? I hurried up along as soon as I could, for I didn't know but ye'd been took sick, or burnt ye, or something."

"No, Maria, I haint," said Miss Jepson; "but, somehow, it seemed so lonesome here all by myself, I thought I'd send out for company. So take off your things and draw up to the fire, and, by-and-by, we'll have a good cup o tea to chirk us up a bit."

Nothing loth, Widow Parkinson sat down on the other side of the cheery cooking stove, and unrolled her work,—some plain sewing for the busy mother of a growing family.

"Do you get enough to do this winter, Maria?" asked her hostess.

"Well, much as ever. I take anything I can get; carpet rags to cut or sew, bed comforts to make, or children's stockings to knit,—anything that's honest and wants a needle to it. I've been makin' carpets and sheets and pillow cases for Waters's store. He's furnishin' the new hotel. But that's over now, and I don't know what'll be next. If it wa'nt for the rent, and coal bein' so high, I could manage to get enough to eat, I guess, and I don't need no gre't o' clo'se. Parkinson, he worked hard to get me a sewing-machine when he see he wa'nt goin' to last; but I've got to give up my room, and I don't know where I'll house the machine, or my head, either. Mis' Elder's son has writ to say he's a-comin' home to live."

"Well, Maria, I wouldn't worry about it; there'll be some place provided," said Miss Jepson, as she rose to make her biscuits. A new and daring scheme had entered her mind, but she shut her lips tightly over it.

"I'll sleep on it," she thought. "Mother always said, 'Sleep bringeth counsel,' and I've proved it a true saying, time and again."

So intent had the two women been upon their talk and their work, that they had not noticed the gathering snow-storm until now.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Parkinson in a dismayed tone.

"Never mind," said Miss Jepson, cheerfully. "We'll have our supper, and, if it don't hold up, you can stay all night. I should admire to have you."

They moved the table over by the stove, lighted the lamp, and thoroughly enjoyed their supper. The tea was kept hot on the stove within easy reach; the biscuits were light beyond compare, the little meat dish was savory, and the sugar-cakes crisp, while Miss Jepson felt an added glory from Cousin Jared's wife's delicious plums.

"I'm proper glad you are here, Maria," said she; "for I'm always lonesome in a storm, for all I've lived so many years alone."

"So am I," said the widow; "for my troubles seem twice as big when the wind howls, and I sit there all alone, with not even a cat to speak to."

They washed the dishes in company, and, as the storm grew worse, Mrs. Parkinson gave up the idea of going home, and it could not be denied they felt a sense of comfort and companionship neither had experienced for a long time. After they had retired in the cozy bedroom, opening directly out of the "living-room," Miss Jepson remained awake for a long time, turning over in her mind the matter which had occurred to her in the afternoon.

"I'll do it," she said to herself, at last, "We are told the Lord 'setteth the solitary in families,' and one ain't a family no way you can fix it," and then she went to sleep.

"Maria," said she at breakfast the next morning, "it has been borne in upon me the past night that the best thing you can do is to come up here and live altogether. Here we are, two poor, lonesome bodies, with no one to do a hand's turn for us, except what a neighbor might do out of charity, if we were sick! I own this place, and we could halve the expense of food and fuel, and both be more comfortable."

Mrs. Parkinson burst into tears.

"It's just what I've been longing for," said she. "I've often envied you this place,—all your own,—and such a place for a flower-bed in front, and a grape-vine would grow up in no time over that little south piazza, and most anybody would give you a cutting for the asking."

"So they would," said Miss Jepson, admiringly; "and I never thought of it! You're a master hand for flowers, and your plants would flourish in that west window beautifully."

So the matter was settled. Miss Jepson, who was nothing if not energetic, would brook no delay, and the moving was accomplished at once. Mr. Burleigh, on his way home to dinner, was just in time to help carry in the sewing-machine and assist in removing the voluminous wrappings from the cherished plants.

"This is a hearty sight," said he, looking around. "It is the most sensible thing you could do."

"And I never should have thought of it," said Miss Jepson, "if your wife hadn't asked me to tea night before last."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh to his wife, "our 'Once one is one' has already become 'Twice one is two,'" and he told her all about it.

"The very next is 'Three times one are three,'" said Fred, oracularly.

"Perhaps that will come, too," said his father, laughingly. And it really did.

* * * * * *

Miss Jepson and Mrs. Parkinson were as comfortable as possible all winter. The cost of living was lessened for each. The housekeeping was comfort now where it was drudgery before, and it became worth while for each to take her turn in preparing savory little dishes, that cost next to nothing, when there was someone to share and to praise.

When the snow was gone and the grass began to grow green again, Miss Jepson called on the Burleighs one night just after tea.

"I have come," she began, "to ask your opinion on a little matter Maria and I had in our minds. What do you think of our taking Beulah Merrill? There don't seem to be any one else to do it, though Mr. Merrill's son by his first wife did write to say we could send her out there to Kansas by express. Said his wife felt the need of some one to help take care of the twins; and if she kites hither and yon as much as she did when she was on here two years ago, I should think likely she did. But it ain't borne in upon me, nor yet upon Maria, that it would be any fitting place for Beulah. She's a sensible little thing for ten year old, and as biddable a child as ever was. Maria and I were in there consider'ble, off and on, when her mother was sick, and we took to Beulah, and she to us."

"She will be a great comfort to you," said Mrs. Burleigh, "if you can compass the expense. Is there anything left after the funeral is paid for?"

"Well, we've studied it all out. There's the interest of her father's life insurance comes to about forty dollars a year. And I've got good things that were our girls' laid by, and some of my own that I haven't felt like wearing late years; but they've been taken care of, and they'll come out like new. There is one blue merino that was my sister Ellen's, that I've got all pictured out in my mind just how it will look on Beulah. And there's the room out of our bedroom that I've always used for a lumber room! There's two windows and a good closet in it, and, between us, we can furnish it. Mrs. Gilman says we are real presumptuous to think of it; but I told her I'd fetched up five younger than I was, and I wasn't but seventeen when I begun. And they were all likely young men and women, and church members, every one, when the Lord saw fit to take 'em, one after another! And now Maria's and mine are all dead and gone; and here is Beulah, set right down in our path,—seems so,—and I believe the Lord put her there for a sign and a token that we are to take her in and do for her."

"So do I," said Mr. Burleigh, heartily; "and, if you undertake it, there will be a way provided to carry it through."

"To tell the plain truth, Mrs. Burleigh," said the spinster, "I've been hankering to do for a child ever since I over-hauled your mending-basket that day last winter. I expect Maria and I will act like a child with a new doll; but, if folks see fit to laugh at us, why, they can. We are going to make little Beulah laugh if we can; she's been sober long enough. And it's all owing to your offering me a share of just what you had, without making any extra fuss, that day when I was so blue and lonesome, partly with the work not being ready and partly with living alone, till I was as cold as an iceberg, and about as much use in the world! So, if Beulah turns out well, you can take part of the credit; for it was that cup of tea, that I hadn't heart to go home and make for myself, that thawed me out."

"My dear," said Mr. Burleigh, when they were alone, "we will always remember with Fred, after this, that the beginning of the table is, 'Once one is one,' and we'll let the Lord take care of the higher numbers."—*H. Annette Poole.*

SHARP KNIVES.

Under the heading, "Look Out, Not In," the editor of *Our Youth* has some timely advice for us all, young and old: Very often, dear girls and boys, when you and I came home from a tea-party or a picnic or some such festivity, and have time to sit down and think it all over, there rises up before our minds the picture of some one of the group who did not seem to be having quite a fair share of the fun. We say to ourselves, "Why didn't I go and offer to hold that old lady's worsted for her, or at least to talk to her a while, to show her that she was not forgotten?" or "Why did I not remember that Tom's cousin was a stranger, and did not know a thing about any of those people or places we were so absorbed over? No doubt he would have liked to give his opinion about the weather, or any thing he had ever heard of before, if we had only let him have a chance;" or "Why didn't I take a turn at entertaining that stupid Miss Hunt over in the corner, and not leave her to Annie the whole evening?" In answer to these questions I am afraid we generally take refuge in the excuse I heard a little man pleading the other day: "How can I think of a thing, if I don't?"

The good advice I have to offer about all this has at least the recommendation of being short. It is just one word, and that is—Learn. Learn to think of things. Get into the habit of looking out to see whether people are comfortable and happy. Train yourself to consider their feelings and prejudices. How much trouble a boy will take to teach his dog some new accomplishment! Why, there is a dog in a family close by me here who persists in refusing to take the most coveted dainty from you as long as you offer it in your left hand. It must have taken a quantity of perseverance and hard work to bring him to such perfection. Use this same sort of resolution in teaching yourself to look out for your neighbors, and see what will come of it.

I know a young man who was graduated last June from a medical college. He passed his examinations with distinction, and his friends are in a little tempest of delight over his success; his mother, I believe, thinks that he will cure all the diseases in the country. Well, now, suppose that when this young man starts in his practice a rich friend should give him a case of surgical instruments, complete, keen, and glittering; suppose he puts them off somewhere, thinks very little about them, and takes no care of them. Suppose, at last, there comes a hurried call for their use, and he brings them out dulled and rusty, and, in his attempt at relief, makes a miserable failure. And then, suppose that our young M. D. should shrug his shoulders and say, "It is not any fault of mine. The best surgeon in the land could have done no better with a knife like that." What would we think of such an excuse?

But is not ours very like it? We have been provided with a set of instruments—a mind, a heart, a long array of them—to use against the aches and wounds and bruises with which the world is so full. Are we not responsible for keeping them rubbed up and sharp, ready for active service?—*Intelligencer.*

A LESSON.

'Tis easy to be gentle, when
Death's silence shames our clamor;
And easy to discern the best,
Through Memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living!

—*Good Cheer.*

A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

No intelligent Canadian can fail to have a lively interest in missionary work in the islands of the Pacific. India, Burmah, China, Japan, and Melanesia are the only portions of heathendom outside of our Dominion where Canadian Protestant Churches have conducted missionary operations. In the last of these, in the New Hebrides, our Presbyterian brethren have had the highest honor the Church militant can enjoy, that of furnishing martyrs for Christ. The Presbyterian Church of Canada can proudly point to its fields of toil in Oceanica, where, notwithstanding persistent French and Jesuit intrigue, it has a most flourishing work in which two missionaries and their wives reached their martyr-crowns through martyr agonies. With similar feelings Methodists the world over regard Fiji and the Friendly Islands, where Wesleyan missionaries have sealed their testimony with their blood, leaving one of the grandest monuments of Christian faith and Christian heroism in nations raised from most degrading savagery to intelligence, peace, and Christian civilization.

George Augustus Selwyn was born at Richmond, England, in 1809. Attracted in his early ministry by the commercial interest which was increasing in the islands of the Pacific, and as well by the glorious record of success there of the London Missionary Society, he felt impelled to offer himself for missionary work in those lonely islands away on the desert sea. He soon organized his operations so perfectly that in a short time a new diocese was ready, and he was consecrated first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841, at the age of thirty-two. This diocese would gain in the comparison even with the fields of toil of the Methodist bishops of the United States, for its dimensions were 5,000 miles by over 1,200. It was an ocean strip of over eighty degrees of latitude by twenty of longitude. During the first seven years he had to confine his labors very largely to New Zealand. A great difficulty in evangelizing the more northern groups was that, as they were so near the Equator, Europeans could only live in them three months of the year.

A further hinderance was the great diversity of dialects and languages. The London Missionary Society, which began its operations in Tahiti, 1797, had followed the plan, however, of sending native teachers from one island to others lying near it, and so gradually spreading the Gospel light from island to island.

Landing the native catechists amongst their savage countrymen, they would leave them for weeks or months, and then return to find them either killed or else surrounded by a body of attentive listeners, won by their earnestness and devotion to listen to the story of the Cross. Bishop Selwyn, observing the success of these missionaries from another branch of the Church, was constrained to write: "Many of these islands I visited in their days of darkness, and therefore I can rejoice in the light that now bursts upon them from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love as well as of authority, and that these simple teachers scattered over the wide ocean are of the same interest to me that Apollos was to Aquila. I find them instructed in the way of the Lord; fervent in spirit and teaching diligently the things of the Lord."

Selwyn resolved upon visiting the northern groups of islands and adopting the plan successfully followed by others and upon getting children entrusted to his care to be educated in New Zealand. This work he commenced in his small missionary ship, the "Undine," one of the pioneers in the great work now being done by the royal navy of heaven, the dozens of missionary ships carrying the invincible armament of the Gospel against the strongholds of Satan.

During a voyage in 1851, while the Bishop was landing at Mallicolo, one of the Loyalty Islands, large groups of men gathered at some distance, shouting and throwing stones and shooting arrows. Desiring his party not to run nor show any sign of fear, he led them straight to the beach, careless of the threats and brandished clubs about them. This was only a sample of his reception on many an island. However, with a spirit of kindness and firmness, showing both courage and sympathy, he conquered many a native tribe and secured young men for the Missionary Institute at Auckland.

The "Undine" had soon to be replaced by a larger vessel, the "Border Maid," and this soon again by one still larger, the "Southern Cross." With such increased equipment the work prospered grandly, and across the wide Pacific, through the faithful labors of Wesleyan, Congregational, and Anglican missionaries, beacon lights were kindled on one island after another as glad signals to "give glory unto the Lord and to declare his praise in the islands;" and to-day out of a total population of 863,000 in the islands of the Pacific, 324,000 are Christians.

Bishop Selwyn was at length obliged by failing health to return to England, where he resumed work with influence greatly increased by the brave and noble spirit of self-sacrifice with which he had been toiling among the islands of the Pacific. His sterling merits were universally acknowledged, and in 1857 he was honored with an elevation to the See of Lichfield, Staffordshire. In this position he manifested great zeal in the moral improvement of the peculiar population in the "Black Country." In 1878 he closed his life and labors in the triumphs of Christian faith. He was greatly interested in the canal population of England—a very numerous class who lived, many of them, in large families in these canal boats, and for whose religious instruction almost no provision was made. He organized a canal mission for reaching this destitute class, and employed a mission barge to carry the Gospel to their rendezvous, as the "Undine" had been employed to carry it to the scarcely less taught heathen of the Southern Seas.—*Rev. W. I. Shaw, M. A., LL. B., in Methodist Magazine.*

DECISION.

A teacher in one of the large colleges for women in the Eastern States lately told a little incident, which may be of use to some of our girl-friends. At recreation hour on one Sunday evening a large number of the girls had assembled in the parlor. They began to talk and laugh, quietly at first; then the conversation ran into gossip, and the laughter grew more boisterous and frivolous.

"I felt," said the teacher, "that the effect of the calm of the day, and of its solemn services, was being wholly destroyed. It was not the way in which girls who professed to serve Christ should spend his day, if they hoped to come closer to him; but there was no actual infraction of school laws, and I had not the courage to interfere.

"At last, a very young girl, a member of the lowest class, came in. She glanced around, with a startled, pained look; then, after a moment's hesitation, she walked to the piano, and began to touch the keys softly. As the music stole through the air, the noise was hushed.

"'Why not have a little singing?' she said to those nearest her, and struck the first chords of 'Lead, Kindly Light.'"

"In a few moments every voice had joined in the hymn so dear to us all. The girls are fond of sacred music. One hymn after another was sung with fervent feeling, until at last they separated for the night. Not one of them guessed how firmly and gently they had been led by a child into the right path."

The story recalls a similar anecdote of a member of the New York Stock Exchange who was present at a conference between half-a-dozen men who controlled the market. A certain action was proposed which would prove of enormous advantage to themselves, but which would result in bankruptcy and misery to a great many people who were not informed of this plan of the leading speculators.

The gentleman who had just joined the conference looked about him and saw in every face an inner consciousness of wrongdoing. Then he said, with a smile, "It would be advisable, of course, if it were right. But it is not honest."

Not a single man had the courage to insist upon carrying out the project.

The time will come to every reader of these lines when, by a firm word gently spoken, he can lead his fellows into the path of right.

If it should seem impossible for him to speak to them, if the heart fails and the voice chokes, let him remember that the words he would utter are already spoken in the conscience of every one present. In all probability each one is waiting, hopeful to hear the call to do right, but without the courage to speak it.

He will only give voice to their better natures if he utters the word in season.—*Youth's Companion.*

SAVED BY A BABE.

"Whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it," said the Master, when rebuking the conventional opinion and selfish cowardice of his day. He used this paradox that he might make his disciples think of the relative values of life and duty, and stimulate them to sacrifice themselves to their convictions.

The paradox is a prophecy which has had "springing and germinant accomplishment," to use Bacon's felicitous phrase, in every deed of heroism, and in the death of each martyr.

It was signally illustrated during the fearful retreat of Sir John Moore's small army through the snow in the north-western portion of the Spanish peninsula. An overwhelming host pressed the British day by day; cold, hunger, and the charges of the French Cavalry thinned their ranks; but they marched toward the sea with patient endurance, and calm fortitude.

One day, an English officer, weakened by lack of food and by fatigue, turned aside into a wood to die unseen. Suddenly he came across a soldier's wife lying upon the ground, nearly dead. Clasped in her arms and protected by a shawl was her babe. With her expiring breath she prayed the officer to take the little one, and save its life.

The mother's unselfish appeal roused the dispirited officer. He accepted the new duty, and as he took the babe into his arms, fresh strength came into the wearied body. He determined to endure cold, hunger, and fatigue, that he might prove faithful to the dying mother's trust.

He bound the babe upon his back, and rejoined the retreating army. Day by day, as he marched, he devoted himself to the infant, and was sustained by the determination to save it, no matter what he himself might suffer. He carried it through the long retreat, and saw it safe in tender hands on board a transport in Vigo Bay. The babe saved his life. For through the little one came that heroic purpose which made him strong to endure.—*Exchange.*

WHERE TO FIND THE PRAYER.

Shortly after family worship, which had been conducted by the venerable John Wesley, Dr. Wilson said to him: "My wife was so delighted with your prayer that she has been looking for it in the prayer-book, but cannot find it. I wish you would point it out to me." "My dear brother," said Wesley, "I cannot, because that prayer came down from heaven, and I sent it up there again."—*History of Methodism in Ireland.*

SHARE.

For thou must share, if thou wouldst keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to share, you cease to have,
Such is the law of love.

—*Archbishop Trench.*

FROM FLOWER TO FRUIT.

THE BREAD-STUFF OF THE DESERT.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

I sit as I write by an open Moorish window on an African hillside, and look out on a little vista of bright green valley with sheer sloping sides, cut deep like a gorge in a minor spur thrown out by the great subsiding main range of the Atlas Mountains. I lift my eyes from my paper one moment as I write, and gaze out through the barred and grated framework of the pretty casement, to the hillside opposite. In the foreground the garden is gay with roses; geraniums glow behind the huge stems of the aloes; the luscious perfume of Japanese medlars fills the air; and mandarin oranges gleam gold in the sunshine among their own exquisite dark masses of clear-cut foliage. But behind them all, etched out distinctly against the red soil of the hill at the back, a single date-palm, the glory of the villa, raises its stately head in proud disdain high over the lesser and less beautiful trees towards the cloudless expanse of an African heaven.

It is a lovely sight, that graceful old palm-tree, with its tall stem marked stage after stage by the clipped leaf-stalks of former years, at the angles of whose sheaths bright yellow blossoms grow out luxuriantly from the trunk itself, and clothe the bare bole or the ragged base with half-parasitic verdure and hanging sprays of flowers. At the summit a broad rosette of long feathery branches waves backward and forward with exquisite movement in the desert breeze. Branches we call them in everyday language, because they are so long and large and much subdivided, but in reality they are only very big and deep-cut leaves, what seems the bough being, in fact, the mid-rib, and what look like separate waving masses of foliage being really the minor segments or leaflets of the one great subdivided blade.

If you plant a date-stone in a suitable situation on the borders of the desert—by a stream of water, or at least in damp sand, for denizen of Sahara as it is by nature, your date-palm exacts an abundant water supply—it will soon germinate, under favorable conditions, and send up a shoot of something the same sort as a blade of wheat, for the palms all belong by origin to the great order of the monocotyledons or one-seed-leaved plants, which includes also the grasses, cereals, orchids, and lilies. But the Arabs do not generally grow their date-palms from seed, and for this reason. The species is bi-sexual; it has male and female flowers on different trees; and as the male plants produce no fruit but only pollen for impregnating the embryo dates born by their sister trees, they are comparatively useless, save in very small numbers, as I shall explain hereafter in due order. Hence the cultivators of dates usually propagate the palms by suckers taken from the root of a female tree, as such suckers always follow the sex of the mothers, whereas in the case of seedlings the sower can never be sure whether he will get a fruit-bearing or a pollen-bearing individual.

As the palm grows and gathers strength each day from the African sun, it acquires in time its distinctive branch-like and segmented leaves. But its growth, nevertheless, is to the very end extremely lily-like; it produces but a single undivided stem, and never branches out like the true trees—the oaks and the ashes—of the type familiar to us in northern climates. One can best understand its mode of growth by thinking of it as similar in principle to the yucca lilies, or "Adam's needles," so commonly grown in hot-houses.

But the leaves of the date-palm, instead of being long, narrow, and blade-like, as is the case with most lilies and grasses, are divided into numerous beautiful segments, arranged (like the separate barbs of a feather) on each side of the stout mid-rib. This is a common form of leaf in palms, and its origin and use admit, I think, of very little doubt to a careful observer. Low palms, like the common fan-palm, so often seen in conservatories and drawing-rooms, have their leaves united at least as far as the middle of the fan-shaped blade, and fringed or tagged by ribbon-like segments at the border only. But taller palms, which have to stand the brunt of desert winds, like the date-tree, or of sea-breezes, like the cocoa-nut, or of upland tempests, like the mountain-cabbage palm, almost always have their leaves divided into segments.

The suckers which our Arab friends take from the base of the female tree produce fruit in about eight years, but are not in their full bearing prime till about twenty-five years from their first planting. Seedlings, however, take very much longer to attain maturity, as they do not start in life with a rich store of material already laid by for their use by their mother plant as the suckers do. The palm flowers in April; its blossoms are numerous, small, and inconspicuous, lilies in type, but enclosed in a large sheath or spathe (like jonquils or garlic), from which the ripe dates finally protrude. The male flowers have each sepals and three petals, inside which hangs a whorl of stamens with their tiny pollen-bags. The female flowers have also similar petals, but no stamens, their centre being occupied instead by the rudiment or foreshadowing of the unbudded fruit. In order for this to swell and grow into a perfect date the ovary must be fertilized by pollen from the brother blossoms. In the wild state fertilization is, of course, brought about by bees, flies, and other friendly insects, which visit the flowers in search of food and drink, and carry the pollen unconsciously on their bodies from one plant to the next they visit.

The Arabs, however, do not trust to the casual mercies of insects alone for setting and fructifying their precious date-crop. It is to them a matter of too much moment to be thus left to chance or to the caprice of a beetle. When they plant a grove, they take care to include in it one or two male palms (if there are no wild ones already growing in the neighborhood), and when the flowering season comes, they send a boy up these male trees, to cut off the entire spatheful of pollen-bearing flowers. They then swarm up the fertile trees by the aid of the bases of the old leaf-stalks, and hang a portion of the male blossoming branches within each of the expectant fruit-bearing spathes. The wind and the insects do the rest. The young dates, fructified by the pollen, begin at once to swell, and hang out at last in a big bunch, not unlike the pendant bunches of bananas one sees so often at home, though of course on a very much smaller scale. The long clusters weigh from twenty to forty pounds each, and a single palm produces in a season as much as two hundred weight of good fruit.

The date-palm has been evolved, apparently, in and for the Sahara alone. It never thrives far away from the desert. And yet, by a strange contradiction in nature, it absolutely requires an abundant water-supply. It stands, the Arab proverb truly says, "with its feet in the water and its head in the scorching fires of heaven." Without it the desert would be quite uninhabitable, and the oases themselves would have no existence. Syria and Algeria are the most northerly points at which it will ripen its fruit to perfection; and even here on the Mediterranean slope of Africa, it grows with difficulty anywhere north of the Atlas range. But in the desert itself it lives and thrives and prospers wonderfully. The great peculiarity which fits it so well for Saharan life lies in the fact that it can grow in pure sand alone, and content itself with water so briny and alkaline as to destroy all other form of vegetation.

In the Souf, just beyond the blue mountains on the horizon yonder, the oases are for the most part artificially produced. The water there lies close below the surface, but a bed of gypsum overspreads the moist sandy stratum, and forms a wide waste of crystalline desert. When the industrious Arabs of that curious district wish to plant a date-grove, therefore, they remove the entire crust of gleaming white sulphate, and plant their palms in a hollow of the water-bearing bed beneath. The green tops of the trees rise, as they grow, some yards above the level, thus forming excavated orchards like ants' nests, with a dome of green as their sole visible symptom in the surrounding country.

Dates for home consumption are both dirty and poor; those for exportation are better-preserved and picked specimens. The desert as we know it—oases, caravans, Arabs, and everything—is all rendered possible only by the existence of that patient, sand-loving, brine-enduring tree. What the camel is among beasts of burden, that in fact the date-palm is in the vegetable world.

It is not only for the dates, however, that the date-palm is valued; it acts, so to speak, as the "universal provider" for all the wants, good, bad, or indifferent, of the Arabs of the desert who live upon its produce. The stately trunks, rising forty-five feet into the sweltering air, and bending but not breaking before the fierce cyclones that sweep in full force across the level reaches of the Sahara, are planted so close together in the groves that they afford a very dense shade; and in the sub-tropical garden thus formed, wherever irrigation with fresh water is possible, other kinds of fruits and vegetables can be cultivated with success in the better oases. The natural life of the palm is a couple of centuries; but as soon as it has about attained its hundredth year it ceases to bear so well as before, and it is then shortly cut down for the sake of the timber. For a while, however, before this last act of its life, its juice is tapped to make palm-wine, from which, again, a spirit can be distilled by those degenerate Arabs who are not over-strict in their faithful observance of the Prophet's prohibition of alcoholic stimulant. And, indeed, you cannot live long among Mahommedans without seeing that the sons of Islam do frequently, as a matter of fact, indulge in something rather stronger than their proper coffee. The "cabbage" or growing-bud of the tree is also eaten as a fresh vegetable; and the wood forms the only sort of timber known to the oases. The trunk is necessarily so pliable, to endure the winds of the desert, that the beams made of it can bear very little weight; so the Arab cabins are unavoidably both very small and very low; the short scantling of the native wood, indeed, even on the sea-board hills, determined long since the smallness of the rooms in Moorish houses throughout all North Africa. Finally, the roots of the palm are used for making fences, the leaves are employed as a thatch for the huts, and the fibres supply the children of the desert with mats, baskets, ropes, and sacking. The very dates on their way to market are packed in bales of their own fibre.

In short, the Arab of Sahara lives upon the date-palm. I have called it his bread-stuff, but it is far more than that alone. He eats it, he drinks from it, he lives under it, he burns it, he buys with it whatever he needs from other regions. It is his all, his estate, his heritage, his banker. He invests his money by planting a date-grove; he provides for his children by leaving them the good-will of the well and the palm-trees. No more wonderful case of adaptation exists in the world. The date-tree lives where nothing else would live, and cannot live itself where everything else can. The salamander of trees, it requires the burning heat of the desert; and even there it drinks by preference water which no other tree would so much as tolerate. "Adaptation to the environment" can go no farther.—*Good Words.*

PALM-LEAF.

AN ANTI-CIDER ENTERTAINMENT.

BY E. L. BENEDICT.

(Over the platform stretch a piece of green cloth, so as to form a canopy, high enough to be out of the way of the tallest participant. A few yards of green cambric or strong netting will do. Into this fasten small leafy branches and twigs from the apple-tree, and to these attach some apples by cords fastened to the stems. Around the sides of the platform hang festoons of dried apples, made by running a string through the pared quarters. In the centre place a table containing all the various dishes mentioned in the exercise, and as many more as can be provided. The speakers enter at one side of the table, take from it the dish that illustrates their respective parts, and hold it while they speak. After which the dish may be returned to the table, the speaker passing to the other end of the platform, and remaining until all have spoken.)

FIRST SPEAKER.

[Holding up a large, rosy apple.]

This is an apple, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SECOND SPEAKER.

This is a dish of apple-sauce,
Made (without an atom of loss)
From ripe, rosy apples, both tart and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

THIRD SPEAKER.

Here are some apples baked, you see,
A most excellent dish for dinner or tea.
When dressed with cream that's rich and sweet,
They are fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

This is a big, round apple-pie,
For a piece of which I often sigh,
'Tis made of apples so juicy and sweet,
It is fit for a king or a queen to eat.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

This is a dish of marmalade,
Which I with mother's help have made
Out of some apples so juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SIXTH SPEAKER.

This is a dumpling, which, as you know,
Is made of flour mixed up into dough,
And slices of apples, juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

SEVENTH SPEAKER.

This is a jelly, see it shake!
'Tis a joy to taste, though a task to make,
For the apple juice must be made so sweet!
Or else it will never be good to eat.

EIGHTH SPEAKER.

This is an apple johnny-cake,
Which I will teach you how to make:
You mix cornmeal and water, as thick
As you can conveniently stir with a stick,
Then baked with chopped apples, juicy and sweet,
'Tis fit for a king or a queen to eat.

NINTH SPEAKER.

Here is an apple pyramid;
Within it raisins and almonds are hid,
And each of these apples so juicy and sweet,
A king or a queen would be glad to eat.

TENTH SPEAKER.

This is something we call Brown Ben.
You take ripe apples, as many as ten,
And pare and quarter and put in a dish,
With crumbs of bread, and crusts, too, if you wish;
Then stew until all is juicy and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER.

You've learned to make dumplings and marmalade,
Now I'd like to tell you how cider is made.
First, up in a tree all clean and sweet,
Fit for a king or a queen to eat,
Grow the ripe rosy apples, all juicy and sweet,
But a man comes along, and down to the ground
Shakes big and little and rotten and sound,
Then gathers them up and they help to fill
The old waggon-box for the cider mill.
The apples there are dumped on the floor,
Where they lie and rot for a week or more;
Then in the hopper are ground into mush,
And fall to a trough below, all slush.
From here the miller shovels the mess,
With a dirty old scoop, to a dirty old press;
And there it is squeezed till the juice runs out
To a barrel below through a dirty old spout.
Then when it has stood in the barrel some days,
Till all the good that's left in it decays,
The stuff, called cider, is sold, don't you think!
To people who're told it is good to drink.

TWELFTH SPEAKER.

It doesn't appear to me very wise
To take all those apples that ought to make pies,
And grind them all up into filthy old swill,
And sell them to folks with small wit and small will.
If I were a farmer I'd eat them or dry them,
Or put them in cans, or pickle or fry them,
Or fix them in some manner, dainty and sweet,
And sell them to sensible people to eat.

[All sing, to the tune of "Never Say Fail."]

Oh, yes, I like apples, all juicy and sweet,
Not any cider for me,
I'm sure they were made just on purpose to eat,
Not any cider for me.
In pies or in puddings they're fit for a queen.
In cider they're turned to a poisonous thing,
Apples for me, apples for me,
But, thank you, no cider for me.

—*Temperance Record.*

SELMA'S LESSON.

It was an absurd picture, and a queer little story, that one about Molly Ray; how she dreamed that she was a prisoner at the bar, with a judge and a jury, and many lawyers, of cats! She was found guilty of cruelty to her own poor kitten. Selma had read the story to her little sister Mollie, and shown her the picture; they had laughed much over it, and said how wise the twelve jury cats looked; and how solemn the judge was. Mollie had gravely declared she was glad she was not in Molly Ray's place; she would have been "just awful scared."

"Why?" laughed Selma, "would you have been 'found guilty,' do you think? I'm sure you never stroke your kitty's fur the wrong way, or forget to feed her, do you?" Then she had kissed Molly, and gone up to her own room. But the story, foolish as it was, followed her. She sat in her study chair by the open window and had a dream, a day dream; not about cats, but books. Suppose books had minds, and tongues, and met together and talked their owners over. What could hers say of her? There lay her arithmetic under the table where she had flung it when Helen Marsh came for her to walk; suppose it should say: "There are three of my examples not done; yet she left me and went out walking."

On the shelf was her French book; what if it should suddenly speak out, with: "She hasn't written a line of my exercise, and our recitation comes the first thing in the morning." Beside it lay a gayly bound book which might add: "Oh! I know what the trouble is; she read in me, all the time she ought to have been working on you. She wouldn't like to have her mother know it, but I saw it all, of course."

Just below these two, on the table, was her pretty Bible, her last birthday present, with a little film of dust gathering on the cover. She imagined its mournful tone as it said: "What do you arithmetics and French books think of me? I am the one book which her Heavenly Father made for her, to feed her soul with, every day, and she hasn't opened my covers this week, though she knows her mother wants her to read a few verses every morning; I heard her ask her. She hasn't time, she says, but my friend Nellie Marlow up there on the shelf, dressed in brown and gold, knows that she has read her through since Monday evening."

"O, don't, don't!" exclaimed Selma, putting her hands to her ears. By this time she almost fancied the books were really talking; it was more reasonable to imagine that books could talk than cats! But what stories they would tell if they could! No wonder Selma's cheeks burned.

She took up her Bible that very minute, dusted it carefully, and picked one crumb from it to help her get through the afternoon. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"I will," she said, decidedly; and with resolute hand she pushed the gayly bound volume farther back on the shelf, and picking up her arithmetic, set to work.

Whether or not little sister Mollie downstairs learned a lesson from "Molly Ray," certainly the big sister up-stairs had learned one, which may help her all her life.—*Pansy.*

THE PICTURE SELMA SHOWED MOLLIE.

EDITH'S FIRST ENDEAVOR.

BY LAUREL CLEVES.

"But to take part in meeting! That's something I can't do."

"You wouldn't find it so hard after a little while, Edith."

"Oh! I know I could never get used to it. It's well enough for you to talk, Lilla, it's so easy for you."

Lilla flushed a little as she answered, "That's what you all say—it's so much easier for some one else than for you. But really, Edith, it isn't a great while since I suffered agonies every time I took part in our Endeavor meetings. Every time I thought I ought to speak my heart would beat so violently that it seemed as if every one must hear it thump, thump, thump. And I remember so plainly that I tried one evening to repeat a very familiar Bible verse, and I got the end all wrong."

"Why, Lilla, I never dreamed it was hard for you to speak; you speak so easily and say such helpful things. I believe that if I could do as well as you I might almost be willing to try."

"You don't know how much you encourage me, Edith. So many times when I have tried to say something, it has sounded so foolish to me, and it has seemed as if it must sound so to every one. I think I should have been unhappy many times about it, if I hadn't thought, 'Did you say those words to-night, to have your friends say, "How well Lilla Hall speaks!" or to please your Saviour? That always comforted me. But I must go home now. Edith, I do hope you'll join us."

"I promise to think about it."

And Edith did think of it, and she came to the conclusion that her place, as a Christian church-member, was among the active members of that society, whose motto is, "For Christ and the Church."

The following evening her name was read for active membership in the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of Eliot Church, to be voted on the next week.

"At least," she thought, "I needn't begin to take part until next week."

But she did take part, for as one and another spoke simply of the thoughts which had come to them, she, too, told of the thought which had been with her all day.

. . . . . .

In her room, in Mrs. Brown's boarding-house, sat Rachel Dudley. Her head was bowed in her hands, and her heart was full of sorrow, almost despair. She was so lonely. Only a week ago she had come to this city to fulfil the last request of her mother, by laying her body beside her husband's, in the city where he had died, leaving her with a baby girl to care for. She had soon moved away from the place where all seemed to remind her of her loneliness.

In all these years, Rachel and her mother had been all in all to each other, each being happy while the other was near.

And now! "O mother, mother," sobbed Rachel, "I am so lonely! If I could only see you! If you could only tell me what to do!"

In a little while she became calm. It seemed as if she could not bear her loneliness another long evening. But where could she go? She had no friends here. Suddenly there flashed through her mind an invitation which the pastor had given on Sunday, in the church to which she had gone. After reading the notice of the prayer-meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, on Tuesday evening, he had added, "All young people, and especially strangers, are cordially invited to come."

Rachel had never been in the habit of going to prayer-meeting. But now it seemed so desirable compared with the loneliness of the room that she decided to go. There was yet time to get ready, and the Eliot Church was not far away.

When she reached the vestry door a feeling of timidity came over her at the thought of going alone into a strange place. But just then she heard steps behind her, and a sweet voice said, "You are coming in, are you not? Let me show you the way." And she followed the young ladies inside the door, and immediately a young man stepped up to her and said, kindly, "Let me show you a seat."

"How pleasant they all are," Rachel thought, as she followed him.

The meeting soon began, one after another taking part, without any pauses. It was after they had sung, "Something for Thee," that Edith Fay found courage to speak her thought. "It seems to me," she said, "that one of the most precious thoughts given to me, as a Christian, is that I have a Friend who is lovingly looking after my welfare all the time, and who knows just what is best for me, and can give it to me. There are so many times when a decision has to be made, and I don't know how to make it. And I feel so thankful that I can go to Jesus and tell him all about it, and feel sure that he will guide me aright. Then I need feel no anxiety about the result because it has been decided by a Friend who loves me and who knows what is best for me."

Rachel's heart beat faster as these simple words were spoken. How much she needed just such a Friend! She bowed her head and whispered, "Oh, God, give me this Friend to help and guide me." And the loving Father of the fatherless heard his child, and gave her peace.

As the last hymn was sung, Rachel's voice joined in gladly, reverently, as she sang:

"I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend.
He loved me ere I knew Him."

and when she sang the last line, it was as a vow:

"And I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever."

—*Golden Rule.*

GOOD COMPANY.

A traveller, toiling on a weary way,
Found in his path a piece of fragrant clay,
"This seems but common earth," says he, "but how
Delightful!—it is full of sweetness now!—
Whence is thy fragrance?" From the clay there grows
A voice, "I have been very near a rose."

—*J. J. Piatt, translated from the Persian.*

'TIS BETTER TO FORGET.

I've seen the household dark and lone
Where once the friendly astrals shone,
And to the haunts of harp and hymn
There came no tone.

Oh, vanished forms of bower and hall,
That Memory's fadeless lamps recall,
The myrtles twine around your graves,
And snowflakes fall!

So near the doors of God we live,
So near the earth, ah, who would give
A single word to draw a tear,
Or one receive!

So near the earth where graves lie wet,
Too near for heartache and regret:
'Tis better to forgive each wrong,
And all forget.

Trust on and wait, whate'er befall,
Let Memory's lamps but love recall;
Live thou thy better self—thy wrongs,
Forget them all.

So near to earth, so near to heaven,
Forgive them all, and be forgiven
And other hearts shall nobly strive,
Where thou hast striven.

Time tells the truth, and pleasantly
The winters change, and o'er the sea
The purple swallows singing come,
Unloosed and free.

So happier days await thy trust;
Though others wrong thee, yet be just,
So near the doors of God is life,
So near the dust.

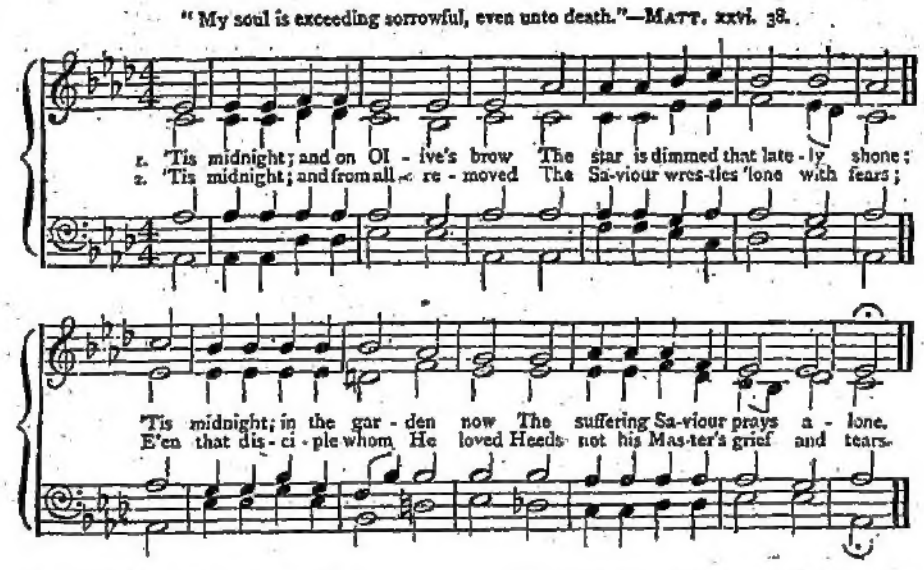
Live on—thy torch of life must fade,
Love on—for thee will fall the shade,
Trust on, till each withholden hand
In thine be laid.

So shall thy heart bear no regret,
So Love thy lapses will forget,
And violets kiss thy grave at last,
With tear-drops wet.

—Hezekiah Butterworth in Youth's Companion.

Gethsemane.

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. xxvi. 38.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone;
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all re - moved The Sa-viour wres-tles lone with fears;
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suffering Sa-viour prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.

'Tis midnight and for others guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

'Tis midnight, and from other plains
Is born the song that angels know
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST LETTER.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

The man who in his later years was able to write his name by public acts upon the annals of every State in the Union was once a very poor boy, living in a floorless, dismal cabin, in the western wilds of Indiana, much wilder then than now.

It was a dwelling of but one room, furnished with four or five three-legged stools, a few cooking utensils, and something that answered for a bed; while across the logs overhead irregular slabs were laid so as to make a sort of chamber, reached by a ladder from the room below, for the growing boy, who nightly laid himself upon its floor, with no other bedding than coarse blankets, and slept with as much content as if he had been in some lordly mansion. Abraham Lincoln, or as he was then more familiarly called, "Abe," had never known better fare than this.

His father, oppressed by hard times and harder fortunes, had all he could do to earn enough to keep soul and body together, and from his boyhood up had never been allowed a single day of schooling, so that he could neither read nor write, though a kindly industrious man, and withal persevering; while his mother, to whom Abe owed so much, with her good judgment, rare common-sense, and strong mental powers had they been developed, could read, though she could not write, finding much comfort therefrom in the little worn-out Bible which she so often read aloud to her husband and son, that she could not rest until her boy, who seemed to be quick and bright, should be spared from the hard farm work, if only for an hour each day, to pick out the letters, and "we'll trust to Providence," she would say, "to make him a writer, sometime; he's so earnest, once get him started, he'll go on himself."

Not a great while after an opportunity offered. Abe's father at length consented, when the matter was laid before him, although he could ill afford to spare the boy, as he had no other helper on his small farm.

How all his life Abraham Lincoln must have blessed the persevering mother and that first day at school! What a new source of joy it opened out to him! He improved every moment, and, after the death of his mother, a few months later, he was enabled to while away many an hour for the poor, lonely father in reading aloud, not only the Bible, but "Pilgrim's Progress," and the "Life of Washington," both loans from some of the neighbors. What these books did towards the formation of the character of this good man, as seen in after years, we shall never know.

The reading was now fairly conquered, but some time elapsed before the way was opened for little "Abe" to learn to write, and the poor mother never lived to see it fulfilled; but her faith was very strong in the belief that her boy would be kept out of "the jaws of ignorance," and in the end would make a better scholar than either father or mother.

"You do pretty well as to books, Abe," his father said to him one day, "but I'm going to give you an hour more a day to learn to write. Can you do it, boy?"

"Can I do it? Try me!" he answered.

"Well next week young Hanks is coming to take old Jenkins' cabin, and he's been to school a lot; and I've got him to say he'll take you and show you how, but you must do your level best, Abe."

When the day arrived for the first lesson, Hanks sent for young Abe, telling him at the same time that he could do very little at it himself, but he'd teach him what he knew. All the boy wanted was to get an idea how to form the letters, and then he could go on himself, he knew. This Hanks could impart, and he saw a bright boy, determined on success, in his pupil.

To be sure, Abe was awkward enough at first, but he believed in practice, and when he had learned to shape one letter, he would try it and try it again until he had mastered it. With pieces of chalk and charcoal he would make them everywhere—on trunks of trees, on slabs of his floor, on the stools, wherever there was room for a letter there it was put.

Mr. Lincoln was too poor to get him the paper he needed, and in his ambition he had to resort to these expedients; often using a charred stick, he would work most dexterously, never discouraged by the difficulties surrounding him. Boys of so much resolution always succeed. Even in the midst of harvesting, when there was little time to spare, he would stop now and then and astonish the neighboring farmers, who could not write themselves, by writing his name on the ground with a stick, and they learned to look upon the young Lincoln as nothing short of a prodigy. It was not only on the little bit of soil where he lived, but on the whole State of Indiana that he wrote his name in after days.

Of course Abe's father was getting to feel very proud of his abilities, and he must now make them available; and so one day, after their simple repast, which he usually prepared himself, he called him from his attic room where he was practising in the noon hour.

"Say, Abe, I want you to write me a letter. I have been waiting a long time to have it done."

"Who to, father?" asked Abe, putting on an air of importance, that at last he could do what his father could not do for himself.

"Why, to Elkins, our old minister! It is high time he heard of your mother's death" (the Lincolns had moved from the place where Mr. Elkins had been their minister), "and tell him I want him to come and preach the funeral sermon. It's e'en a most a year since she died, and he knew what a good woman she was, Abe. She bent you all right, he knew that."

"Why, who knows but what he's dead himself," said Abe.

"Well, we can but try; and she'd be so glad to know you could do it, boy."

With this affectionate suggestion, Abe started the letter. His father, having furnished the paper, sat by his side to give him the matter also.

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "read it all over, Abe."

"What, the whole of it?"

"Yes, of course; I want to hear how it sounds, and see if I've left out anything." What satisfaction to have a son that could write this long-delayed letter! No other member of the family had ever performed such a feat.

"See what it is worth, my son, to write a letter. If only just this one, it pays for all the trouble."

"It ain't no trouble," said Abe, "and I'll tell you what, I'll write a better one some day, see if I don't!"

Well, the letter was signed, sealed and delivered, and sped on its errand, young Abe, meanwhile, all impatience to know the result. Perhaps, in all his after life there was nothing so important as the sending off of that first letter. Would it ever reach his mother's old friend, and if that did, couldn't he do more with his pen? All over the settlement the news flew about the letter that Mr. Lincoln's son had written. Henceforth he was a hero in that part of the country, where learning was at a low ebb. Kind-hearted boy as he was, many a friendly letter was written for the neighbors to far distant friends, who had to thank him for the words of greeting they otherwise would never have received.

The letter reached Mr. Elkins, who, at length, came; but he could hardly believe that young Abe had been the penman, and that it was only his first attempt.

This is but one instance of the development of young Abe from the time he could read to his manhood days. He thought, he reflected, he persevered, and his mental powers developed faster than those of many boys at school.

There was no doubt that much of Abraham Lincoln's style and felicity of composition in later years, both as writer and speaker, could date back to those early efforts with the country teacher, and his kindly and oft-repeated acts as amanuensis for the neighborhood. He has set an example that all boys ought to follow.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States who cannot procure the international Post Office orders at their post-office can get, instead, a Post Office order, payable at Rouse's Point, N. Y., which will prevent much inconvenience both to ourselves and to subscribers.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy	$ 0 30
10 copies to one address	2 25
20 " " "	4 40
50 " " "	10 50
100 " " "	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADDRESS.

Address all letters to the *Northern Messenger*, care of John Dougall & Son, 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, Que.

THE WITNESS.

A DAILY PAPER mailed to any address in Canada and the United States for $3.00 a year, that contains the latest news and most interesting reading, valuable market reports and everything that any person who wants to be kept fully informed of the events happening all over the world, cares to know.

A WEEKLY PAPER mailed to any address for $1.00 a year, with the world's news summarized, much interesting reading for the home circle, valuable hints worth many dollars a year to the thoughtful, Question and Answer columns by eminent specialists which are much thought of by subscribers, and a circulation of 34,000 copies, showing its great popularity.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

A perfect copy of a picture which was sold by the artist for $120,000 cash, a single copy being sent to any subscriber to the *Daily* or *Weekly Witness* or *Messenger* for 25 cents in addition to the subscription prices.

Send for sample copies of the papers and subscribe for them.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers,
Montreal, Que.

THE "WEEKLY WITNESS"

—AND—

MANUAL OF BIBLICAL GEOGRAPHY.

The revised edition of Dr. Hurlbut's "Manual of Biblical Geography," is being much appreciated. It is prepared specially for the use of students and teachers of the Bible, and for Sunday school instruction, and contains over fifty maps, twenty-five of which are full page size, 12 in. by 10, and one of the Old Testament world, covers two pages. Besides these the Manual contains a large number of special maps of important localities, mountains, cities, etc., and also a large number of colored diagrams showing heights of mountains, areas of tabernacle and temples and Bible weights and measures, with accurate views of the principal cities and localities. The retail price of this book is $2.75. By a special arrangement with the publishers we are enabled to offer this valuable work with one year's subscription to the *Weekly Witness* for only $2.75, the price charged for the book alone; or we will send it and the *Northern Messenger* for one year to any address for $2.00.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
"Witness" Office.
Montreal.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 20c. Club of six, $1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.

RELIABLE PRINTED DIRECTIONS for Preserving Eggs over 18 months 10c. E. DORLEY, Vienna, Ont.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

HALF OF THE PEOPLE are in one of these classes; therefore, half of the people ought to take Paine's Celery Compound.

This wonderful medicine restores the nervous system, and also regulates the bowels, blood and kidneys. Thousands of nervous, debilitated and aged people have gained strength and health by using this great nerve tonic. At all druggists, $1.00. Send for free book.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.